

# Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 6.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JULY 16, 1839.

NUMBER 48.

## OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY  
G. W. MILLETT.

TERMS.—One dollar and fifty cents in advance.  
One dollar & seventy-five cents at the end of 6 months.  
Two dollars at the end of the year.  
No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the option of the Publisher.  
ADVERTISEMENTS.—Inserted on the usual terms, the proprietor not being accountable for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.  
Communications, and Letters on business must be addressed to the publisher, Post-paid.

From the Susquehanna Register.  
PRESENTMENT.

MARGARET NEILSON.

We beg leave to introduce the reader into a cottage or rather a cabin of old Matthew Neilson. Many a one precisely like it you may now see in all parts of Northern Pennsylvania, but at the time of which I write they were dotted down, hereabouts at least, few and far between. To those who are "native, and to the manner born," it would be superfluous and uninteresting to describe either the house or household of any early settler; but these pages may possibly come beneath the eyes of some who have never studied the *multum in parvo* of a woodman's cottage. I will even try to describe it, just as it looked upon the very evening the occurrence happened, which I am about to relate. It was a long, low building of logs, closely chinked in with clay, standing in the middle of a new clearing of some thirty or forty acres.—A huge fireplace and chimney divided it into two rooms, while a door on either side opened right against the chimney, forming a bit of an entry, and giving room for a ladder on one side and an oven on the other. The dark outline of woods closed around like an artificial horizon, and the snow, which was still coming slowly down, covering up what little show of cultivation there was, rendered the prospect sufficiently dull and gloomy without doors. But let us take a look inside—what a contrast. A noble fire is crackling on the hearth, mingling its thousand sparks with the snow flakes; in the middle of the room stands a table loaded with wholesome fare coarse, but plentiful and clean, and there in the corner is a bed, snugly curtained all round, and for a marvel the only one in that room, while on the walls, so thick and close as completely to hide them, hang heterogeneous articles of clothing; a clock with a long pendulum, and no case; a shelf with three or four more venerable looking books; a pair of spectacles and other articles "half hid in dim obscurity;" while strung in neat festoons from joist to joist, strips of pumpkin dangle to dry, almost hiding the trusty rifle, with its horn and wallet suspended in hooks from a beam. A rough, but well scoured dresser on which are ranged in gaudy array, all the tea pots, cups, saucers, mugs, platters, plates and tumblers the house can boast of, claims a conspicuous place, while the big wheel in one corner, with its pile of snow white rolls, stands quietly resting from its busy toil. Old Mr. Neilson was sitting in his strait high backed arm chair, a bible resting on his knees, its ample leaf turned towards the fire, with his gray head bent closely over it, reading aloud a chapter to his attentive family. His wife a kindly looking matron of fifty, sat near him busily knitting, and Margaret, a neat cheerful, nay a lovely maiden of about twenty, plied her pretty fingers in the same noiseless and dreamy occupation. Three fine looking boys in sequence of ages, sat on the opposite side, the youngest, slyly running at times a small pole into the fire, to rouse up the sparks, and increase the flickering light. The portion of scripture which Mr. Neilson read was the sixty-fifth psalm, and situated as they were, the concluding verses breathed comfort, and ardent hope looked forward to the prophetic fulfilment of their promise.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy clouds drop fatness.  
"They shall drop upon the dwellings of the wilderness, and the little hills shall rejoice on every side.  
"The folds shall be full of sheep; the valleys also shall stand so thick with corn, that they shall laugh and sing."

As he closed the book, they all rose and drew their chairs to the table, the smoking cakes and potatoes were handed up from the fire, and after a short but fervent thanksgiving they indubitably proved that hard work, cold weather, and contentment, go far to produce a marvellous appetite. When supper was over, the old man employed himself in neatly weaving a splint bottom into a venerable looking rocking chair, the two oldest boys were busy one in fitting an axe-helve, the other repairing an old rabbit trap, while the smallest, who at first paid undivided attention to the trap, lay fast asleep, with a log for a pillow. The matron and her pretty daughter, after setting the house in order, and causing it to assume a remarkably neat appearance, considering the diversity and abundance of its contents, resumed their knitting, and round after round, added slowly but surely to the completion of the comfortable stocking.

"Come, Tommy, don't lay sleeping there, you'll roll into the fire presently," said the old

lady. "Yes," said William, the oldest boy, a fine stout boy of sixteen, "come along, I doubt whether James will be here to-night," and he cast a sly look at Margaret, "you'll have to go to bed without your apples this time." Tommy was too sleepy to contend about the matter further than to insist that Robert and Bill should go too, and in a few minutes they all bundled "up chamber." Old Matthew got up slowly from his arm chair, and turning over the firestick with his toe, said somewhat between a command and a question, "I guess it ain't best to set up for James, for he won't come in such a tedious time, will he?" and away he paddled into the adjoining room. Mother gave the hearth another sweeping, pinned on her night cap, and following the example of her worthy partner, requested Margaret to take care of the fire and not sit up too long, for it was not likely that James would come; and she retired also.

But who was this James, you will very naturally inquire, to whom these repeated allusions were made. A story without a hero is very like a hero without a story—a very uninteresting affair; and I own that I have been uncivil in not sooner introducing so worthy a fellow; however, as the part he played on that eventful night was any thing save—but let me not anticipate. To continue then, James Bainard was the son of a very respectable man who had migrated into this, then new and wild country, at the same time with Mr. Neilson. They had been near neighbors in Connecticut, although the situations they pitched on here, were two or two and a half miles asunder, their originally friendly feelings, knit into a brotherly compact, when they found themselves the only dwellers in the wilderness for miles around, and dependent on each other for assistance, society and sympathy.

Being of the masculine gender myself, and somewhat conversant with this kind of life, I will take it upon me to say, nothing in the world was, or is more natural, than that a young man of two or three and twenty, like Jimmy Bainard, under such circumstances, should look with eyes of more than brotherly affection upon such a maiden as Margaret Neilson. In my younger years I have been desperately enamored upon much slighter provocation. Whether or no the same feelings animate "God's last best work"—is a matter I must leave to wiser heads than mine, altho' circumstantial evidence goes strongly to prove that they do, but I could never get one of the 'dear, delightful creatures,' to own any thing of the sort to me, (although I have asked twenty), in proof whereof I sit here a disconsolate miserable bachelor.

All now was still in the cottage of the Neilsons, and as the hoarse murmur of the wind which seemed retreating into the depths of the woods died away, the purring of the old black and white cat, which Margaret had taken into her lap, (that was a sign of a good heart) became audible throughout the room. The clock struck ten. Margaret had really given up all thoughts of seeing her lover that night, still she sat over the fire busily knitting away, and yet she could not help wondering that James had disappointed her, (I mean himself,) it was so unlike him. To night she had promised to name the day for their union, and she properly thought it was no trifling matter that should absent a wooer at such a time. Yet the way from his to her father's house was two dreary miles, the snow deep and untrdden, the night dark and threatening and combining all these circumstances as a very reasonable excuse for James, absence, she felt perfectly willing to grant, without even a frown, the pardon which she knew would be pleaded the next day at farthest; a most uncommon thing in a woman, but Margaret was a very sensible person which, if I have not said before, I say now.

The clock struck eleven. There is something peculiarly solemn and imposing to a winter's night in the deep woods. Shut out from all communication with mankind, knowing that with the blessing of God your own arm must provide, not only all your comforts, but for existence itself; feeling alone in the drifting snows and piercing cold, yet full of life and confidence, and hoping in happier and more prosperous times, the heart swells with sensations, impossible for one to realize who has never shared the privations and dangers engendered there. Such a situation, too, gives a powerful impulse to religious feelings, and I doubt much whether the votary, kneeling even in the grandest and most solemn temples raised by man, can so deeply feel his dependence upon a high and inscrutable power, as one who in nature's awful solitudes, turns in deep humility of heart to that Being who planted the dark forest, and whose hand is seen and felt in the wilderness. Hark! the wind is lifting up its voice; the snow is whirled in fury from the earth to sky, then plied wreath upon wreath shifting its position with every gust, at last forming deep and heavy drifts throughout the clearing. Now again it is moaning afar off, and the mournful shriek of the owl sounds like its requiem. Still Margaret hung over the dying fire. Her hands were now idle, but memory was busy. It was an hour to recall the scenes of her earlier life, to commune with her youthful friends, to remember home, as she still fondly called the distant place of her birth; that home in the midst

of flowers and cultivated fields, the little village with its stores, and the plain sober meeting house, with the pretty yet sadly pretty enclosure where under the drooping willows, and larches, and half hid in blossoming clover, many kind and dear friends "had pitched their camp of death." And there was one among the silent membrane painted with a truth beyond the artist's touch. A sister, whose young heart had withered in the blight of deep and undeserved suffering. Yet she had passed from her trials with a firm and holy hope, and Margaret felt that it was not right to grieve for one to whom, emphatically, death was gain. Although her fancy was thus busy in

—giving back the dead,  
Even in the loveliest looks they wore,  
It conjured up likewise, images of mirth & gladness, the laughing circle round the evening hearth, the jest, the song, the tale—then came suddenly and uncalled for, the darker reality—the interminable woods, the isolated cabin, the drifting snow, the dreary winter, with its toils and privations, the hardships which those dear seemed likely to be entailed upon them for many long years; and the contrast filled her mind with sadness and painful anticipation.

How deadly still it is. Hush, what's that? 'Tis only a mouse knocking and scratching under the door of the oven; see the cat "with her eye of burning coal" how intensely she watches. Tic, tic, tic, tic, still unceasingly the pendulum of the old clock swings to and fro;

We take no note of time, but from its loss,  
And 'tis wise in us to give it thus a tongue.

It strikes twelve. Margaret mechanically counted the bell, and as the last beat run out, a faint low voice seemed ringing with it, "Help, Margaret, help!" Her heart bounded as if it would burst from her bosom, she started from the chair, the words still hummed in her ears; "Did I dream," cried she, "or was that his voice?" She opened the door and listened long and anxiously, but she could distinguish nothing save the fitful changes of the wind. Once she thought to call her father, but the dread of being ridiculed and laughed at for sitting up so long, besides the vague uncertain nature of her alarm, deterred her; so, cold and chilled through, she betook herself to bed. Margaret was not in the least superstitious; her mind had received a severe shock, yet by degrees she reasoned herself into the belief that her excited imagination had played her senses false, but sleep seemed utterly banished from her pillow. Fancy was still upon the wing—she turned and gazed upon the dial of the clock, sometimes a faint ray from the fire, lighted its figures, then they grow dimmer and dimmer, until the pained eye ceased to distinguish; still the eternal pendulum beat on, a ceaseless monotony, wearying the tired ear beyond endurance. Margaret could hear it no longer, she determined to stop the clock, and for this purpose was just about to leave her bed when it pealed—one—Merciful God! imagine her feelings, when she heard the same tone and words mingle with it, she heard before, plaintive, low, but articulate, and not to be mistaken. The terrified girl shrieked, would have fled to her parents, but her nerves failed, and she fell back panting and nearly breathless.—Gradually reason resumed its sway, but her feelings no longer ran their former channel; strange as it may seem, she no longer endeavored to combat the idea of supernatural interference, but yielded at once fully and implicitly, in spite of all her preconceived notions, to the overwhelming conviction. Firm and decided of mind, and strong of body, she soon recovered from her terror, and rising and dressing herself with singular composure, she went to her parents' room and awoke them. She then related distinctly what had occurred. Her father treated the matter lightly. "Well, well, girl," said he, "go to bed and get some sleep, to-morrow we'll see about it. It's one o'clock, ain't it?" "Father," returned Margaret, "you must rouse yourself, and go forth, for sure as there is a God above us, James Bainard is in deadly peril." There must have been something peculiarly affecting in the tone and manner of Margaret, for it was not a trifle that could stir the old man. Suddenly raising himself, he said, "Eh, what! James!—what would you have me do? yes, yes, I will get up directly.—Rouse up the fire." She did as she was directed, and in a few moments her father and mother came into the room. A little light wood thrown upon the fire was blazing brightly, and shone full upon Margaret's countenance as she sat feeling the flame.

The old man looked at her for a moment and started. He laid his hands upon her shoulder. "Daughter," said he, "what's the matter with you?" Her face which generally wore the hue of youth and health, was of a livid paleness, and her eyes, usually so mild and gentle, were dilated and flashing; her words and voice too, always so bland and discreet, now were evidently laboring under emotion, new, powerful and uncontrollable, equally beyond the ken of her understanding or the sway of her reason.—"Margaret," repeated her mother, "what ails you?" "Nothing, nothing now," said the daughter in tones which woefully belied her assertion, "I wake up William. O! father, if you love me, if you love me or him, go down to Mr. Bainard's

and see what has happened." "Happened," said the old man, "it's a plaguy way there and the path not bent." "Then," said Margaret rising, "I will go myself; William?" "Don't be in such a hurry," continued the old man, "Come, come, if some one must go, I must be the one; William? And if it should be for nothing after all, then—but a look at his strangely altered child checked him, and told him it must be something that could thus move her placid and even temper.

In a few moments William came shuffling down the ladder, thinking it rather early to be roused from his slumbers, but when he gathered what was going forward, with all the love of the marvellous, characteristic of his age, he prepared with alacrity to accompany his father. Their obvious course was to proceed immediately to Mr. Bainard's where their doubts could be solved; for it followed, if James had left his father's roof, he must be in the woods; that and Mr. Neilson's being the only houses within several miles. Accordingly old Matthew and his son speedily equipped themselves, and the former, furnished with a huge torch of pine splinters, resolutely led the way. Margaret watched their departure in silence; she stood at the open door, regardless and unconscious of the cold, long gazing fixedly in the direction in which the light her father carried, slowly disappeared in the gloom of the forest. At length her mother succeeded in persuading her to come in, and for the purpose of diverting her mind, began to rally her upon the probability of the father finding James snug in bed; then the matron descended on the cruelty of driving the old man out in the snow in such a night, yet warning as she proceeded, and noticing the seeming abstractness of her daughter, she blamed herself for letting him go; and finally called the whole a ridiculous and foolish business. Margaret rose, went to the little window, paused a moment or two, while convulsive sobs seemed choking her, then suddenly going to her mother, she rested her head upon her shoulder, and wept bitterly. This completely changed the old lady's feelings she reasoned with her daughter; tried to soothe her, and begged her to speak and explain the whole matter over again calmly and soberly. By degrees, Margaret recovered a portion of her serenity, but trembling and wondering at her own extraordinary conduct, and alarmed at the new and terrible excitement of her mind; she essayed to do as her mother bade her, but she could only repeat the same simple words she had already uttered. She had twice heard, or thought she heard, a voice in tones she well knew, calling upon her name. The first time she had driven away the phantasy by a powerful effort. But the second time it awakened dreadful and indescribable apprehensions.

A presentment of ill, a consciousness of some terrible event hanging over her, a warning, vague and dim undefined, pointing to no particular event, indicating no certain clammy yet all too palpable to be driven away by any efforts of reason. "Perhaps," suggested her mother, "James may have been hunting, and got lost in the woods, and it was really him you heard calling for assistance." "No," said Margaret, "James is accustomed to the woods; that could hardly be. Besides, it was not a shout, mother; it was not like the voice of one calling that others might hear and answer; no, no—it came faintly and softly, like the touch of the summer wind upon the leaves, and it died away like the last note of a plaintive song. And see," continued she starting, "the clock has stopped at one." "It has run down," said her mother. "No, the weights are up." "Then the cold has done it—sometimes you know it will." "True, but it is singular, it should stop just then." "It is; but come Margaret, let us lay down and say our prayers. God is above us—he will watch over and protect us."

As old Matthew proceeded slowly on his toilsome journey, he paused once or twice, and hesitated to proceed, persuading himself that he was going on a fool's errand, and had better return. But as often, the remembrance of his daughter's vehement bearing, checked him, and he turned again to his task and marched on.—After near an hour's walk, they arrived at his friend's door. They stopped a moment to shake the snow from their garments, and then, without the ceremony of knocking, entered.—The smouldering brands on the hearth caused light enough for Bainard, whom the noise of their entrance awoke, to recognize them.—"Neilson," he cried, "what is the matter! what has happened?" "First let me ask you one question," said Mr. Neilson, "Is James in the house?" "No," answered the father, "is he not at yours?" He left here at sunset to go there." Mr. Neilson said not a word, but sinking in a chair, covered his face with his hands. Bainard was in a moment on his feet. "Tell me all you know," cried he, as he laid his heavy hand convulsively on the shoulder of his old friend, "tell me all for God's sake, at once—is James dead?" Neilson sprang up; "Neighbor," said he, "dress yourself. If James is not here, he must be found—we can track him yet in the woods where the snow has not drifted; and the power, yea William Bainard, the very voice of a holy Providence has sent me forth to-night, and will not desert us." The terrified mother, who had listened in speechless attention,

now informed them that James had taken his rifle and that she had seen him enter the woods on the road to Mr. Neilson's. Mr. Bainard called his son next in age to James, and all being soon ready, preparing themselves as they best might with all they could think necessary in the worst emergency, and each of the old men having a huge torch in his hand they started on their anxious search; Mrs. Bainard alternately weeping and praying fervently for help from heaven. The two fathers led the way, followed by the boys at first in the most hurried manner, but when they reached the edge of the woods, and could discern his track faintly in the snow, they proceeded more cautiously, seeking closely for the spot where he had left the road. Neilson's first progress had nearly obliterated James' track in the path, but in less than half a mile they came to where he had turned off. It was on the trail of a deer. As they left the road and got into the closer wood, the track became more distinct, and was easily followed by the broad glare of the pine torches. The scene was wild in the extreme. The waving and lurid light, glanced far over the snow defining boldly the massive trunks of the tall trees, and reflected back from the close canopy of branches, loaded with glittering ice. The countenances of the hard toiling and silent group—in the elders; anxious, fixed, almost desperate; in the boys, surprised, fearful, wondering—would have made a study for a Salvator. "Let us shout," said Neilson, as he stopped for a moment to take breath, "perhaps he may hear us." They did so, together and repeatedly. The deep echoes of the forest alone replied, and the owl whooped in mockery. "On, on," cried Bainard, and they resumed their task. They had gone nearly a mile and a half, and in a direction forming the apex of a triangle, taking the two houses and the road for its base. They were ascending a steep hill, winding along a ledge of high rocks, when suddenly turning an acute acute angle, they came close upon a ghastly and horrid spectacle. Partially reclined against the rock, and half hid in the snow, the unfortunate object of their search, lay stark apparently lifeless. His head was uncovered, and close beneath the curls of his dark hair, a deep wound, extending downward upon his cheek, had covered his face, hands and clothes with gore. Close beside him lay a few half burned splinters and his rifle, with its breach and lock half blown off, & a long ragged rent in its barrel. It had burst.

They raised him, they bound up his head, they chafed him, and forcing into his mouth a little spirits, they had the gratification to see that he at last revived. Suffice it to say, that before daylight they reached the cottage of Bainard, where by dint of kind and assiduous nursing, James soon recovered, although his hands and feet were so badly frozen, that in cold weather they plague him, even now that he is an old man. When he was able to relate the occurrence he said—"Going along the road, I happened to see a deer close beside it. I fired; he made one or two jumps; and then stopped. In my hurry to load, I poured in the powder without measuring it; the deer bounded on before I could shoot again, but I found I had wounded him. I followed on until night overtook me, but determined not to lose him, (he was a noble buck) I lit up a torch and kept on; in about an hour I overhauled him, he was quite dead, so after dressing him, I thought I would endeavor to find my way to Mr. Neilson's, but after wandering for more than an hour I got bewildered and was obliged to return on my back track. Just as I got to where they found me, right on the top of that rock, the light of my torch showed me a wolf—he stood within ten paces of me. I raised my rifle and fired at him—and Margaret," continued James, turning to his attentive listener, "you know more about the rest of it than I do." "Have you any idea what time it was when you fired that last shot?" asked Margaret. "The moon set that night at 12, and I caught a glimpse of her on the very top of the hill just before I shot. I did not know what had happened, for I was completely stunned and speechless, but I think I did not entirely give up for near an hour." "Which would make it one o'clock," interrupted Margaret. "Exactly," said James, pressing her to his bosom—"then I thought I died, dear Margaret, and had lost you forever." And if the most subtle sceptic can shake the faith of either James or Margaret, or any of their numerous and happy offspring, in a watchful and all-seeing Providence; or if the liveliest ridiculer of *Presentment*, or supernatural agency, can raise a smile or doubt among them concerning it, I can only say that I am much mistaken in their characters and no judge of human nature.

"I have the reading of it every week."—It not unfrequently occurs when person are asked if they will subscribe for a newspaper, or if they already take it, that they reply, "No, but neighbor B. takes it; and I have the reading of it every week." Such often add, that they like the paper, and sometimes say they consider it "the best paper they know of." They are benefited every week by the toils, and perplexities and expenditures of those who receive nothing for them in return. Reader, if thou art the man, just send in your name and take the Democrat yourself.

ALEXANDER RYBSON.



From the Eastern Argus.  
**FEDERAL INSULTS TO THE PEOPLE.**

The whole policy and tactics of the Federal party are based on the alleged ignorance and stupidity of the great mass of the people; and no sooner do the leaders of that party fail to accomplish any of their scheme for self aggrandisement, (and such events are not rare) than they charge their want of success to a want of intelligence on the part of the people—to the utter inability of the "laboring classes" to understand their own true interests. These notions in respect to the people, are characteristic of *federalism*. Under their guidance, the aspiring demagogues of the opposition, having framed their schemes for political advancement, rely upon their dexterity at fraud and deception to carry them into effect—but foiled in this purpose—defeated in their unhallowed designs—they do not scruple, by way of revenge, to denounce the honest and intelligent yeomanry of the country as alike stupid and ignorant. Destitute of principle themselves, they cannot conceive it possible for others to be actuated by honest motives; and finding that the community are to be influenced neither by their management nor their money, they naturally enough, perhaps, conclude, that those whom they would dupe, have been duped by others. Hence they sneeringly rail at the people, as "the blind bears of the back towns"—as "noseled ignoramuses," "bribed at the dram shops, and led to the polls by drill sergeants"—as men who are willingly gagged, cheated and humbugged. Every element, too, experienced by these demagogical politicians, they ascribe to the mysterious influence of some mighty "Magician," who, as they say, leads the "ignorant herd"—the "stupid populace"—whithersoever he will, "like lambs to the slaughter." Even Conventions, composed of men selected for their intelligence, honesty of purpose, and peculiar fitness truly and faithfully to represent the wishes of their constituents, are insulted, year after year, by being told that they have been the tame, unknowing victims of management and that all their actions have been controlled, by the unseen influence of some "Arch Magician" or "Dictator." Such language has been recklessly applied to almost every assemblage which the Democracy have formed—whether great or small—whether National or local. It has been used repeatedly, as our readers well know, in relation to the Conventions held in this County even; and the same miserable slang will doubtless, be again and again promulgated by the impudent, croaking popinjays of the Federal press.

The device, however, is an old one—as old as Federalism itself. The cry of "Magician"—"Arch Magician"—has long been a favorite bugbear of the enemy. Thomas Jefferson used to be called a "Magician"—and for what? Because he carried the people with him—rather, because he went with and for the people. His *Magical* influence consisted in his power to originate and bring forward wise and salutary measures, in support of which, being for the good of the country, the Governor and the Governed went together, "hand in hand." He did not manufacture public sentiment; but having ascertained its, he was willing to act in accordance with its teachings.

Mr Van Buren, too, is denounced as an "Arch Magician." He, like Mr Jefferson, is charged with effecting his purposes, and controlling the acts of his party, by intrigue and management. His just influence however, cannot be thus destroyed, any more than was that of Mr Jefferson, by the slander of his enemies. Resembling that great man in the republicanism of his principles, and in being, also, the chosen object of federal persecution, he will resemble him, too, in his final triumphant success. Like him, he will be re-elected by a grateful people, to the high office which he now so ably fills, in spite of the treachery of pretended friends, and the opposition of open enemies.

From the Dover Gazette.  
"Stealing the Livory of the court of Heaven to serve the Devil in." F. O. J. (Francis Ormand Jonathan) Smith—defunct Member of Congress from Maine, late candidate of the conservative party of that State for the office of Governor—has issued a Prospectus for publishing in the city of Portland, a paper to be called the *Eastern Argus* revised.

This we consider a most base, barefaced attempt to cheat and defraud. The *Eastern Argus* now published at Portland, by Holden & Appleton, is one of the ablest and best Democratic papers in New England; and the apostate Smith's intentions doubtless are to impose his recent Conservative Journal upon the public as the true Democratic Argus. We object not to Smith's establishing a paper to disseminate whatever principles, or rather want of principles, he pleases; but let him give to it some name to which he has a right—let him not attempt "to filch" from Holden and Appleton "the good name" of their valuable Journal—a name which it has borne for years through evil report and through good report, and with which it has acquired a celebrity, as enviable, as the notoriety of Francis Ormand Jonathan Smith is despicable.

But, we have but little space to spare to this political renegade; we close with the following remarks from the *Frontier Journal*, a spirited Democratic paper published at Calais, Me., the editor of which considers Smith's attempt to establish a paper as intended to promote his personal aggrandisement, and adds:

"This attempt to unearth and resuscitate the political remains of this individual should be characterized as robbing the political tomb of its just due."

"I've got a bill against you," as the woodpecker said to the Apple Tree.

From the Eastern Argus.  
**Electioneering Stock.**

Last year the opposition succeeded in raising quite a political capital of electioneering stock. They had Patten's resolution, and the Investigating Committee, and the Defalcations of public officers, and divers other things about which they whined prodigiously and on the strength of which they hoped to command success. But these things have all failed them in their hour of need. Their bugbears have all vanished at the first moment of examination, and their deluded followers must have a large share of credulity, if they can any longer place reliance upon their statements. The party is literally bankrupt of material. Not even "the noble deeds of the noble Kent" can afford them any relief. These were last year the subject of the loud and repeated panegyrics—though the admiration of the people was challenged, not so much for what the Governor had done, as for what he was about to do. They had only to re-elect him to the office of Governor, in order to raise the State to the very highest attainable point of honor and greatness. The Boundary question and the Aroostook lands would be alike settled, and all the Heathenish, old-fashioned notions of Democratic policy, would give place to the new, and brighter, and more civilized views of ultra-federalism. Alas, however, for the ignorance of the community! they refused to elect him, and all these glorious anticipations were, consequently forever blasted. They hoped to procure some capital from the difficulties which have been met by Gov. Fairfield; but the straight forward course of that officer has afforded them no room even for a just complaint. Poor fellows, they are to be pined. To be sure, their invention has not yet failed them—but their "tales of wonder" can hardly any longer excite astonishment or affright. Their own patrons must, it seems to us, refuse any further credence to men who have so often, and so wantonly practised upon their credulity. Like the Roman soothsayers, indeed, we should think they, themselves, would never look each other in the face without laughing. They can now reasonably hope for nothing, and must fear every thing—hope for nothing, we mean, but from the lassitude and inactivity of their opponents, and fear every thing but another panic, and a new tide of Bank-created suffering.

From the Dover Republican.  
**"BE UP AND DOING."**

It is no longer a matter of doubt that the whigs and Conservatives will make a desperate effort to carry the ensuing State election.—Taught wisdom by experience, knowing full well that they have nothing to hope in a fair contest, they are secretly organizing and marshaling their forces for the conflict, hoping to effect by stratagem and finesse, what they cannot achieve by open and honorable means.—We have long been aware of the existence of this determination, and feel it our duty to enjoin upon our democratic friends the necessity of being "up and doing." Let no man say "peace, peace, when there is no peace," nor rest in false security and confidence upon the result of the last year's campaign. We have a vigilant and powerful enemy to contend with—an enemy who will use all means within their reach, exert every influence in their power to bring to bear, to overthrow our present administration. But they can never accomplish their purposes, if we are only awoken to the emergencies of the occasion.

It is not sufficient that we possess an actual numerical superiority. That superiority must be shown at the ballot boxes. We must organize efficiently—be in readiness for action. Let every district and village resounded with the "notes of preparation," and show that same spirit and zeal which led to our success last year. We ought not only to give the majority of last year, but exceed it. We can do it, if we choose. But, it is only to be done by applying ourselves to the work in good earnest. We are engaged in the cause of truth and political freedom, and it behooves us that it does not suffer through our neglect.

Let our friends remember the insults and contumely which they endured, the firing of guns, the ringing of bells, the bacchanalian revels, the taunts and shouts of the victors, in the year of Kent's success, and say whether they are willing that these scenes shall be repeated. If not, there is but one course for them to take, and that is, to be "up and doing." If we are defeated this year, the welkin will ring with still louder shouts, and our ears will be saluted with still louder roaring of artillery. Our brethren are organizing and buckling on their armor in other parts of the State, and it is time for us to be "up and doing."

PREDICTION AND FULFILLMENT.—Mr Jefferson, more than thirty years ago, predicted the present course of the Federal party. In a letter written in 1804, and preserved in the memoirs of his life, he said "the Federalists know that to nominate they are gone forever. Their object, therefore, is now to return into power under some other form. Undoubtedly they have but one means, which is to divide the Republicans, join the minority and barter with them for the cloak of their name. I say join the minority, because the majority of the Republicans not needing them, will not buy them. The minority having no other means of ruling the majority, will give a price for auxiliaries, and that price must be principle. It is true that the Federalists, needing their numbers also, must also give a price, and principle is the coin they must pay in. Thus a bastard system of Federal-Republicanism will rise on the ruins of the true principles of the Revolution."

The Federalists formerly gloried in their party name, nor was it until their principles

were condemned by the American people, that they commenced a change of names, as circumstances rendered it necessary to conceal their designs. They began with "Federal Republican," "National Republican," and finally, under the baptismal ministrations of gentleman Webb, took that of "Whig." They have since affixed cognominal appendages, and have called themselves, at times, "Republican Whigs," "Democratic Whigs," &c. Many of our citizens, whose opportunities, for information are circumscribed, are now deceived, by the name of *Whig*, so glorious in Revolutionary days, and are led by men who vilely betray their confidence, to support measures that would inevitably destroy every principle for which the Whigs of the Revolution contended.

Raleigh (N. C.) Standard.

From the Eastern Argus.

**John Fairfield.**

We, this day, unfurl the Republican Banner, and nail to the mast, with the name of JOHN FAIRFIELD inscribed upon its folds, as the Democratic Candidate for Governor of Maine, for 1840. Gov. FAIRFIELD, as our readers well know, was unanimously nominated, by the Legislative Convention which assembled last winter at Augusta, and which, in making its selection, only echoed the strong and well known wishes of the great mass of the community.—We feel that we are not called upon to say a single word in praise of the man of its choice. He has been once already before the people of the State, and opposed though he was, by all the zeal and industry, and recklessness of the Federal faction, who spared neither their money, their time, or their consciences, in laboring for his defeat, he stood the test triumphantly, and emerged from the contest, the Governor elect of regenerated Maine. During his arduous Administration, he has shown most clearly his fitness for the station with which he was thus honored, and has nobly justified the confidence reposed in him by the people. The difficulties which he has encountered, and they have been of no ordinary character, have only served to develop more perfectly the wisdom, energy, and, and firmness, for which he is so eminently distinguished, and which during our border troubles, he so constantly manifested. His whole conduct throughout the troubles, is worthy of the highest eulogium. No man could better have met the crisis—none could have been more admirably successful in vindicating, without actual bloodshed, the dignity of the State. Such, we doubt not, is the belief, and such, we doubt not, will be the testimony of an overwhelming majority of the community, whenever the question shall be taken. The people are more than satisfied with Gov. Fairfield. They have observed his bold, unflinching course, with tellings, not only of satisfaction, but of pride. His devotion to the interests of the whole State—his honest independence in all acts—his dignity in his public intercourse, and his plain and republican manners in private, have won for him their approbation and esteem; while the soundness of his Democratic principles, and the sincerity of political faith, challenge for him their warmest and most confident support.

Worthy, however, as is our candidate, and obnoxious to no just complaint, he will, nevertheless, be again opposed by a party, which, acting from factions motives, and struggling only for its own advancement, acknowledges no claim to its support, which is found on nothing better than honesty, ability and good desert. He will be again opposed—but, if our friends do their duty, he will again most gloriously triumph.—We call therefore, upon the Democracy to be making ready for the campaign. We have every thing to incite us to exertion—a good cause—a good candidate—and a bright prospect. We have only to do our duty—to give a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether—and we are sure of success. Every man then, to his post!

JUDICIAL TENURE.—By a resolve of the last Legislature, which may be found on our last page, the people will have an opportunity of expressing their opinion as to the property and expediency of making an alteration in the tenure of Judicial officers. We presume there is but one opinion among Democrats in regard to this matter. Democracy is opposed to unlimited terms of service. We are of opinion that no one term of office should exceed six or eight years. We allude to this subject at this time for the purpose of calling the attention of the people to it—that they may bear it in mind.—*Bingor Democrat.*

The resolve referred to in the preceding article from the Democrat, will be found in our paper to-day. It will be seen that it proposes to limit the term of judicial office, in this State, to seven years, and that the people will be called on to act upon the subject, at the coming September election. We presume there can be little doubt of the result of that action.—However it may be necessary in England, to have a Judiciary independent of the Crown, it can hardly be thought consistent with the spirit of American institutions, to tolerate a body of officers independent of the people. We do not mean, however, to go into an extended discussion of this subject. Nor, indeed, is it necessary. The public are already very thoroughly acquainted with it, and there is scarcely one, we imagine among our readers, whose mind is not made up concerning it. The alteration is but feebly opposed, indeed, by the opposition itself. Some of its leading members advocated the Resolve in the last Legislature, and the large majority, nearly three to one, by which that Resolve was finally passed, is a pretty clear index to the state of popular opinion in relation to the question.

Eastern Argus.

The Federal Party are like spoiled children. They behave badly, get soundly whipped, and then cry themselves to sleep—only, however, to wake up shortly, and go through the same round of naughtiness and punishment again.—In this State, they are just now waking up from the stupor into which they mourned themselves last fall—our friends therefore, must look out for their tricks, and be all ready in September to apply the rod of correction.—*Argus.*

A N. H. Editor cautions its agents not to enclose money in presence of Post Masters.—Doesn't he want Post Masters to know when his letters are dundie? Is he trying to save postage? Or are there some federal officers in his vicinity?—*Argus.*

We learn from the New Era, that Hon. John C. Calhoun, was invited to deliver the Oration at New York, on the 4th inst. but was compelled reluctantly to decline. He communicated the following sentiment:

"Equally—in its broadest sense, of rights and privileges between citizen and citizen; pursuit and pursuit, and one portion of country and another, the deep and solid foundation of our political fabric—preserve that and all is safe—destroy it, and the whole would rush headlong to the dust."

A Schoolmaster in Boston punishes truant boys, by dressing them in petticoats. The remedy proves perfect. The ladies of Chillicothe devised, it is said, the same mode of punishment for General Harrison, to cure his propensity for running away from the British. The war ceasing, the efficacy of the expedient was not then tested—but, since that time, his petticoats have materially interrupted his running for the PRESIDENCY.

DANIEL WEBSTER WITHDRAWN.—A letter from Mr. Webster, bearing date London, June 12, addressed to the people of Massachusetts, was published in the federal papers of this city on the 2d inst. in which he withdraws his name as a candidate for the office of President at the next election. What will the "people" of Massachusetts now do for a candidate? Gen. Harrison and Henry Clay are now the only federal competitors, and "the people of Massachusetts" must support them or we suppose have no President at all. Wonder if the large sums of money which Mr Webster received from the Boston, New York and Philadelphia federalists previous to his departure, was given him as an equivalent for withdrawing his claims in favor of Henry Clay? If the Boston Federalists cannot answer this question, the New York and Philadelphia federalists probably can.—*Bay State Democrat.*

Mr. Webster is receiving much attention from the great men in London. His services in the last war are, no doubt, gratefully remembered by Englishmen.

SWARTWOUT'S NOMINATION, for the Vice Presidency, says the Salem Advertiser, appeared not only in the N. Y. Commercial, but in several other papers in the interior of New York—one of which was the Ontario Repository. The truth is, Swartwout was, at that time, one of the "head caputs" of the Federal Party, and the attempt of some of their papers to disown him, since the exposure of his "pecuniary irresponsibility," is ungenerous in the extreme.

Eastern Argus.

COUNT SWARTWOUT.—The N. Y. Dispatch says that Swartwout is denominated, in the refined circles of Paris, *Monsieur le Comte de l'Abiquatulation*! By the way, Swartwout was on the same ticket with Webster—is it time for him to decline an election?

NOVEL CELEBRATION ON THE FOURTH.—The young men's Lyceum at Great Falls, N. H. wound up the 4th in a novel manner. After the exercises of the day were over, says a correspondent of the Dover Gazette—

Shakespeare's excellent Tragedy of Richard Third was performed. The homely back tyrant was personated by Mr. Cushing, a youngster of no common abilities—indeed I have seen that character represented in a metropolitan theatre inferior. A few declarations, and the face of my Fellow Clerk closed the scene—and ere the Watchman had hammered out twelve upon the Factory Bell, they all retired in good order to their respective habitations.

A LAZY MAN.—There is a man in New Orleans so lazy that he carries a kitten under each arm to breathe for him.

Quite brotable. We saw a man, only a short time since, on board a U. States ship, so lazy that they had to put a cat on his back to make him work.—*Nat. Gazette.*

An old lady, upwards of a hundred years of age called upon the President of the United States, last week in New York. Her name was Hannah George. She said she had seen every President of the United States, had shaken hands with Washington, and was quite delighted to see the present incumbent. She walked without assistance from her residence, and was escorted back by Robert W. Bowyer.

THE OLDEST TOWN in the United States, it is said, is St. Augustine, Florida. It is more ancient, by 40 years, than any other in the Country—having been founded more than 40 years before Virginia was colonized. Some houses are yet standing which are said to have been built more than three centuries ago.

When is a man thinner than a lath? When he's a shaving.

Why is a stick of candy like a horse? Because the more you lick it the faster it goes.

**Great Fire at Eastport.**

EASTPORT, SATURDAY, A. M., July 6.

Since one o'clock this morning, much the largest portion of the business part of the town has been destroyed by fire. The fire was got under at about 7 o'clock. We are unable, as yet, to estimate the amount of damage suffered by the inhabitants, as we have no knowledge of the amount insured. Probably at least one half of the property in town is destroyed. To specify the sufferers would be almost to give a complete catalogue of our business men. We can without hesitation number 41 places of business completely destroyed, the occupants of which have lost much the greater portion of their stock in trade.

The fire commenced in a small building in West street, No 9, owned by Col. B. B. Leavitt, and occupied as a dwelling house and grocery by an Irish family. From this building, which was nearly consumed before any persons had assembled, the fire communicated to the store occupied by A. Hayden & Son, and thence proceeding, made a clean sweep of every building on both sides of Water st. to the store of Messrs. G. & I. Hobbs, on the east side, and the office of D. T. Granger, Esq., on the west side inclusive—extending also back and burning a number of dwelling houses. Every wharf within the limits of the conflagration was entirely cleared, except two stores on the lower end of Hayden's wharf Central wharf, Union wharf, Steamboat wharf, and Hobbs's wharf. Two vessels, the Martha and the Abigale, were totally destroyed having aground in the dock, and several others took fire, but were extinguished.

Nothing remains of what was yesterday the centre, and in fact nearly the circumference of the business part of the town, but a heap of ruins, above which rise the blackened chimneys of the burnt buildings, and over which the smoke rests like a pall, as it to hide the hideous mass beneath.

Since writing the above, an estimate has been made of the property destroyed, which is but at \$240,000, of which \$80,000 are supposed to be insured.

**MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT AT SEA.**

The ship Galen, Capt. Johnson, of Freeport, arrived here yesterday, from a fishing voyage, reports that, on the 3d of June, on Brown's Bank, they lost overboard WESTWORTH BIRNIE, a land 15 years old, the son of Mr. Jones Bibber of this State. Every effort to save him was unavailing, and he sunk from their sight in the depths of the ocean. A most singular circumstance occurred twenty four hours after. While the Captain was fishing—although the vessel had drifted from where the lad sunk—he caught him on his hook, and brought him to the surface, ere he knew what he had fastened on it—the blood streaming from the wound made by the hook.

The preceding particulars are communicated to us by the crew of the vessel, who request that Boston papers will notice the occurrence.—*Eastern Argus.*

**A TOUGH STORY.**

On the passage of the Ship Alexander, from New Orleans to New York, a young lad about fourteen years, from a naturally frolicsome and mischievous disposition, became so troublesome in his pranks that it was threatened by the Captain if they were continued, that he would co-ho him in a water cask. Our youngster took no heed however, and at his next offence was put in the cask, which was headed up, leaving a large bung-hole for the admission of air. That night the ship encountered a violent storm, and in a sudden lurch, the cask containing the boy, rolled over into the sea.—The circumstance was not noticed by those on board. Fortunately the cask struck a log, and floated about thirty hours, when it was thrown upon the beach of Cape St. Blas. Here the boy made desperate efforts to extricate himself from his prison without success, and in despair gave up to die. Some cows however, strolling on the beach, were attracted to the cask, and in walking around it, one of the number, it being fly time, switched her tail into the bung-hole, which the lad grasped with a desperate resolution. The cow bellowed and set off for life, and after running some two hundred yards with the cask, struck it against a log, on the beach, and knocked it as we say, into a cocked hat. The boy thus providentially released was discovered by some fisherman on the Point and taken into Apalachicola, where a small collection being made for him, he was enabled to proceed North by the way of Columbus.

CROPS.—Accounts from all directions represent the crops as unusually abundant. The Lynnhurgh Virginia of the 4th inst. says of the crops in that region:

Wheat, Oats, Tobacco and Corn, have all yielded, or promise to yield a more abundant return to the labors of the husbandman, than for many years past.

The Lexington (Ky.) Intelligencer of the 2d inst. says:

"The season, thus far, has been unusually propitious to the agriculturists of the country. The crop of small grain, which is now being harvested, is heavier than it has been for many years, and the corn and hemp crops are highly promising."

The Journal of Commerce of the 11th inst. says.

A gentleman who left New Orleans in May, and passed through Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Carolinas and Virginia, says, cotton, corn and wheat, all look nobly. Oats have been injured in many places. He has repeatedly passed over the same road, and says he never saw so fine a prospect before.



# OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JULY 16, 1839.

## Oxford Democratic Convention.

THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of the several Towns and Plantations in the County of Oxford are requested to send the usual number of Delegates to a Convention to be held at the Court House in Paris, on Wednesday, the fourteenth day of August next at ten o'clock A. M. for the purpose of selecting candidates for Senators and County Treasurer, to be supported at the ensuing election.

Per order of the County Committee.  
Paris, July 1, 1839.

[FOR THE DEMOCRAT.]

## SURGEONS AND THEIR MATES, AGAIN.

I have perused the rejoinder of J. J. P. to the article on Surgeons and Mates contained in the Democrat of June 25th, and can do no less than acknowledge myself a little surprised at its contents. When I prepared the article explanatory of, and additional to J. J. P.'s No. 5, on the Maine Militia System, I did not expect that gentleman would turn from his beaten track of writing an article every week for the Democrat; but quite contrary to my expectations he has abruptly broken through his own prescribed bounds, and instead of writing what ought to have been No. 6, of his M. M. S. he has come out in a reply to what ought to have been one of his own articles. I must sincerely beg the gentleman's pardon for this interruption; but since things have assumed their present aspect I feel bound for J. J. P.'s sake only to make a few brief remarks on the gentleman's rejoinder.

Mr. J. J. P. in his rejoinder has come forward with a disclaimer which I am bound in honor and good faith to receive; but nevertheless I give the gentleman and the public the reasons why the Surgeon and Mate of this Reg. thought themselves implicated in the remarks of No. 5. In the first place it was expected that our author was writing on subjects about which he had had some previous knowledge, experience, or observation. I felt assured, from what I knew of the author, that he was not a traveller, or a *Loaf-er*, and therefore could not have a general knowledge of what took place in regard to Surgeons and Invalids throughout the State. And, unless the gentleman was a traveller or a fashionable *Loaf-er*, how could he have procured that general knowledge which he pretends to have. There have been no books printed—no pamphlets—no handbills—no papers written on the faults of Surgeons and Mates, since Gov. F. called out the militia; for it will be remembered that it was since that event, that the gentleman has acquired his information. Consequently, it is perfectly obvious, that his information in regard to Surgeons and Mates of Regiments other than his own—their conduct, &c.—must of necessity be exceedingly limited. In taking the sum total of these arguments we arrive at one or two certain results. The first is, that our author judged the whole by a part, i. e. used his own ipsi dixit in making his particular knowledge general; or secondly, that he possesses greater facilities for getting information in regard to the duties of Surgeons and Mates than they themselves possess. Both conclusions and premises are fallacies. Where, then, is the proof, that this writer is in possession of a sufficient number of well authenticated facts to enable him to form such bold and general conclusions in regard to all the Surgeons and Invalids in the State? Let him produce his evidence that he knows all the Surgeons and Mates in the State are like those of whom he has had some personal observation, and then we shall look at his disclaimer in a different light.

Secondly, we find the following quotation in No. 5, of J. J. P.'s M. M. S.—"It was really amusing to take a peep at the Surgeon's Quarters at the time above referred to." If the writer did not mean any particular quarters when he said "at the Surgeon's Quarters," I will acknowledge that my study of Syntax has been in vain; and we will all bid adieu to grammar. This gentleman understands the meaning of the definite article *the*; and why does he continue its use in the above phrase, and still deny that it has a particular meaning? If the gentleman had said "it was amusing to take a peep at a Surgeon's Quarters," or if he had said "at Surgeons' Quarters," and used the indefinite article *a*, or omitted both the articles, we could have easily believed the gentleman had no reference to the Surgeon and Mate of any particular Reg. But I will use the gentleman's favorite expression, and "challenge the whole world" to make it out that he had no particular reference to any particular Surgeon and Mate.

Thirdly, in the above phrase "the Surgeon's Quarters," we find the word Surgeon in the singular number with the apostrophe separated from the other part of the word. The gentleman's knowledge of grammar is sufficient I presume to teach him that if we wish to write a plural substantive in the possessive case the apostrophe always follows the terminal *s*; but if in the singular number, the apostrophe precedes the *s*. Admitting this rule, (and we know he must,) I would ask the gentleman if I do not find proof here that one Surgeon and one in particular was meant.

In the gentleman's rejoinder he says, "I spoke of Surgeon's Quarters in the plural number." I do not know how the gentleman wrote this phrase, but the word Surgeon's was printed in the singular number; and in regard to the word Quarters as it is applied in Military Language it is always used in the plural number, consequently, we do not hear of Surgeon's Quarter, or Adj. Gen. Quarter; but Sur. and Adj. Gen. Quarters.

The foregoing are the reasons why I concluded J. J. P. had particular reference to the Surgeon and Mate of this Regiment; although I was aware his article was intended to apply to Surgeons and Mates in general. But how often is it the case, that we sit out on a general exposition, or sit down to write a general article, and before we come to a conclusion, miss our aim, and enter by and forbidden paths, making records and statements which in future we feel ourselves obliged to disown. So with our author. He commenced a general subject, but in pursuit of ideas and arguments to sustain his positions the centrifugal exceeded his centripetal force, and having turned him from the direct line which he had marked out, he made use of an expression which he is obliged to disclaim.

If, however, the gentleman had any reference to the Surgeon and Mate of this Reg. in his first article on Surgeons and Mates, and his opinion of them in detail was like that he expressed in general, I would relate to him an anecdote (as he has thrown down the glove) the application of which will show him how far we appreciate his opinion in matters about which we cannot suppose him to be fully acquainted. A disaffected parishoner of a certain parish told the pastor one day that he "preached miserably." "Indeed," said the Pastor, "are you sure of it. Your opinion, no doubt, is entitled to respect; but I will tell you an anecdote, showing you how much it is esteemed. A Linnet and Nightingale in a 'dispute which was the most beautiful,' agreed to leave it out to some disinterested individual of their tribe; and therefore hit on the Owl as their arbiter. The owl consulted on the case and gave it as his opinion that the Linnet was most beautiful. The Nightingale was dissatisfied with the decision, and said 'It is nothing but the opinion of the Owl.' After hearing this anecdote the parishoner hung his head, and was never after found saying ought against his Pastor."

In conclusion, I repeat I would most sincerely beg the gentleman's pardon for the trouble I have caused him by interrupting his articles on the Maine Militia System. I hope the gentleman will go on in the series of Letters he has begun. His candor, his intellect, and his judgment can all find ample room for exercise in this great Department of Political Science. I feel confident that the writer of these Nos. is a personal as well as political friend of the author; and one too, whose talents are destined to place him on an eminence with the noble self-taught of other times. Finally, I will just remark, that since the gentleman has disclaimed all reference to the Surgeon and Mate of this Reg. in particular, my work is now accomplished—consequently I shall lay down my pen and retire to private life.

PHILO J. J. P.

It is rather a subject of surprise that the honest portion of the whig party should still continue their opposition to the present administration, and especially the honest portion of the mercantile class. Has not Mr. Van Buren shown a disposition to protect their interests and extend to them all the accommodation in his power?—When the merchants overtraded and applied to Government for an extension of time to pay their bonds, that time was granted. Does this look like opposition and hostility to the mercantile interest, of which Mr. Van Buren has so frequently been accused by the whig presses. We should think not. Until the accusation of hostility is proved, it is certainly unbecomingly high-minded and honorable men to be continually exerting themselves to break down an administration which, we believe, can have no motive but to protect the interests of the merchants in common with all the other interests of the country.

Who that has heard the recent war notes and boasting by the federalists about defending our N. E. Boundary, and not forgotten how they supplied the enemy during the last war with provisions—and how nobly they defended the State when the British took possession of Castine and all east of the Penobscot river, and of the officers they accepted under the British authorities, such as Collectors, Deputies, &c., and who almost unanimously took the oath of allegiance to King George 3d.—can doubt, that in the event of another war with England, they would be found equally as much wanting in patriotism and love of country now as what they exhibited in the last war.

The Hon. Richard Fletcher, says the Boston Republic, has resigned his seat in the 20th Congress to which he was elected by the Suffolk Federalists last November. His "comma for comma" speech at Faneuil Hall has put a period to his political career.

An exchange says "This is the age of humbugs." So say the Feds—they call Benton's little yellow mint drops a *humbug*! We should not object to be humbugged by them every day in the week.

Mr. Webster has written a letter since his departure to Europe, requesting the people not to elect him for President. He doesn't give himself any uneasiness, they wouldn't if he wanted 'em to!

One of the millers in Western New York, who made \$60,000 last year, by speculating in flour, has lost it all and something besides, this year. Pity he didn't have to pay \$10 a barrel for flour, or go hungry.

The ladies, says a Boston paper, have got up a new fashion, that of wearing aprons behind. It is the most ridiculous fashion we ever heard of except one, about which there is a great bustle.

What sort of boys do the ladies carry in their bosoms? Don't stare! They are yellow-boys!

Two hundred thousand Hogsheads of rain water will be given by the Clerk of the weather to any person who will apprehend and place in durance for one month, Prof. Epsay, the Rain King. He says he is authorized by the Almanac makers to say that the Rain King's interference with their legitimate business is spoiling their trade, which was a pretty good business before he began his experiments upon the weather, causing rain almost every day, since which they can't sell even a T. Almanac, the folks say they tell such abominable great stories.

Idea of dignity.—The idea of dignity which some people entertain, are curious enough. In their opinion, the greater the noise they make, the greater is their dignity. They are like the bumbling, whom the recruiting sergeant was persuading to go and help fill a ditch. "My brave fellow," said Sergeant Kite, "if you will enlist, you shall have the captaincy of the company." "Dang the captaincy!" quoth Bumpkin—"I'll be drummer."

THE TRUE DOCTRINE.—The *N. Y. Journal of Commerce*, in discoursing upon Banks, says:

"The best way to get along with Banks, is to have but little to do with them, except just for negotiating matters growing out of real business transactions. He who depends upon Banks for Capital to carry on business, is apt to find them exactly opposite to friends in need. \* \* \* So our advice is to all concerned, to depend on their own resources; for if they depend much upon the Banks; they will be disappointed at last."

If all business men would act upon this advice, we should have less fluctuating prices, fewer panics and money pressures, very few failures, much more mercantile honor, and no taxing the Government with evils brought upon the country by the mania of speculation.

PRICES OF FLOUR.—The average prices of Flour at the principal markets in the country, according to the New York Express's price current, is \$5.94. The average price a year ago was \$5.09. The lowest price is now at Pittsburgh, where it is \$4.62 to 4.75. The average decline in four weeks has been 73 cents.

Hon. RICHARD FLETCHER, of "Comma for comma" notoriety, has resigned his seat as a Member of the next Congress from Suffolk District, Mass. The cause is not stated.

TRENTON ENCAMPMENT. The troops at Camp Washington, number 700 strong—in infantry, dragoons, and artillery. They were reviewed last Saturday, by Gen. Eustis, and made it is said, a highly creditable appearance. Gen. Scott takes the command in August.

Remembering the Printer. A couple recently married in St. Louis, Missouri, sent to the printer with a notice of the marriage, a barrel of superfine flour, of the best brand.

Good. A school boy at a recent examination, at an English academy, was asked by his instructor who discovered AMERICA? "I wish I may die," says a correspondent of the Independent Banner of Truth, "if he didn't answer 'Yankee Doodle'."

THE MILLENNIUM AT HAND. There is a Reverend Mr. MILLER preaching that the world is coming to an end in 1843. He founds his doctrines, and takes his facts from the Bible.—*Haverhill Gazette*.

THERE is a wonderful vigor of constitution in a popular fallacy. When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how very hard it is to get it out of the world.

COUNTERFEIT American gold pieces, of the denomination of \$5.00, have been circulated at Louisville. They look well enough but can easily be detected by the sound.

"Boys should be seen and not heard," as the youngster said ven he couldn't say his lesson. "After me is manners," as the calf said to the milk-maid.

## AN INCIDENT! A CAUTION TO THE LADIES.

A few days since, a young lady with her attendant beau, was promenading, and viewing one of U. S. establishments in the vicinity, when the fair lady with truly feminine timidity, became suddenly alarmed by a number of large *wharf-rats* crossing her path—and in her fright she fancied that one of the hideous creatures had taken refuge on her lovely person, beneath her dress, which she fortunately succeeded in seizing, and held fast in her hand. Not daring to quit her hold, and almost fainting through alarm, she explained her awkward predicament to her companion, when they sought entrance into a neighboring house, where the lady was kindly received, and shown into a private room, to remove her rat-snip from beneath the folds of her garments, when bands off! lo and behold what impudent animal dropped to the floor?—Not an onerous rat, but the lady's *stays*—which had unexpectedly removed from its destination, and caused all the fair one's difficulties were speedily adjusted, and she soon recovered from her fright.—*Boston Mercantile Jour-*

The way the thirsty evade the "One Gallon Law" in Mississippi, is to purchase of the retailer one gallon and a *gill*—then drink the gill, and sell the gallon back again. This beats the striped pig trick in Massachusetts. Verily, necessity is the mother of invention—and *thirst* sharpens the wits amazingly.

The following toast was given by Mr. G. Prince, at the celebration of the 4th in Thomaston.

The Gov. Gen. of New Brunswick—Who said to the people of Maine "I'm coming!" but afterwards repented and did not come.

## MARRIED.

In this town, by Rev. James Hooper Mr. Alanson M. Chandler of Minot to Miss Harriet Mann of this town. In Hartford, Mr. Peleg Thrasher, to Miss Zabrina Pease, both of that city.

Zabrina now beware—  
Look well your lord to please,  
Lest he in anger dire  
Should go to Thrashing Pease.

## DIED.

In Buckfield, on the 15th of June Mrs. Mary, wife of Alexander Cushman, and daughter of Mr. James Morrill of that town aged 23. It is useless to attempt an eulogy on her character, for it would fall short of the reality—though she died at the height of several years, she was always cheerful; all were met by her with the same smile; not the smile of flattery and dissimulation, but of benevolence and sincerity; and it appeared to her study through life, not only to appear happy herself, but to render all others so. She was, in short, all that the parent or husband could desire; and in death they have sustained a loss which the joys of earth can never cancel.—*Comet*.

Died of Consumption in Galveston, Texas, on the 16th of June, Deacon CRUEL HAMLEN, of Calais and formerly of this town.

## NATIONAL CIRCUS.

THIS new and extensive Circus, under the management of Mr. J. W. Stocking, will be exhibited on Paris-Hill near the Court House, on Monday, July 22d, for one day only. Doors open at half past two, performance to commence at three P. M. Admission 25 cents; children under 10 years of age, half price.

This Exhibition will be under a spacious Pavilion well furnished with covered seats for the accommodation of visitors.

The NATIONAL CIRCUS will exhibit in the several towns as follows, viz:—Friday, July 19th, at Turner Village; Saturday, July 20th, at Buckfield Village; Monday, July 22d, on Paris Hill; Tuesday, July 23d, at Norway Village. Doors open at half past two, performance to commence at three o'clock P. M.

## Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss.—Taken on Executions and will be sold at public Auction at the Tavern of Jonathan Virgin in Rumford, on Saturday the tenth day of August next, at one of the clock P. M., all the right in equity which John D. Gosson has of redeeming the farm on which he now lives, situated in Bethel in said county, the same having been mortgaged to Smith & Brown for the sum of about one hundred and twenty dollars; further reference may be had to said Smith & Brown's Mortgage Deed dated Feb. 26th, 1838. ABEL CHAPMAN, Jr. Dept. Sheriff. July 8th, 1839. 3w48.

TO the Hon. Board of Road Commissioners for the County of Oxford to be held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of June 1839.

THE undersigned would represent that the public should be located, commencing at the intersection of the County road recently located from Walker's Mills in Bethel, with the County road leading from Bethel Hill to Waterford thence near Parsons Island in Albany thence to the County road leading from Spaulding through Albany to Waterford, thence in said road to the store in Waterford occupied by Whitney & Irish, thence to Waterford Flat in the road now travelled with such alterations as may be made, or through the Valley near Carlton's Mill to said Flat, thence to the City (so called) in Waterford passing between Tom Pond and the road now leading from the Flat to the City. Wherefore your petitioners pray your Honors after due notice in the premises to view said route and locate said new road, or as much of it as your Honors should deem most advisable, and as in duty bound will ever pray. (Sign d.) ZIBA FROST & 59 others.

## STATE OF MAINE.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners, begun and holden at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of June A. D. 1839.

ON the foregoing petition ordered, that the Petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested that the County Commissioners will meet at Hunt's Tavern in Albany on Tuesday the first day of October next at one o'clock A. M. when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this order of Notice thereof to be served on the Clerks of the said towns of Albany & Waterford, and upon the County Attorney of said County of Oxford, and by posting up attested copies in three public places in each of said towns of Albany and Waterford, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, the first of said publications each of the other notices to be served, and posted, at least thirty days before the time of said meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear and show cause if any they have why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerks  
A true copy of said Petition and order thereon  
Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

## SHOES! SHOES!!

A New lot first rate Womens, Misses and Childrens Kid, Morocco, and other kinds of SHOES, in great variety, made expressly for the subscribers, and just received. W. E. GOODNOW. Norway, June 20, 1839. 3wecw46

## Also, More New CAPS, latest style.

**\$100 REWARD!**  
RUN away from the subscriber on the 23d instant Andrew Stubbs, an unmailed apprentice, aged 18 years. Whoever will return said apprentice to the subscriber, shall receive the above reward, but no charges will be paid. All persons are hereby cautioned against harboring or trusting the said Andrew Stubbs on any account, as I will not pay any expense he may incur, nor any debts he may contract after this date. BENJAMIN ALLEN, 3w46  
Hartford June 25th, 1839

## Notice to Log Owners.

DRAFTED upon the land of the subscriber on Ellis River in Rumford, the following described Logs viz. one marked S. J. A.—one marked X P. M.—and two marked M. A. The owner or owners are hereby notified and requested to remove the same. FORTER KIMBALL, 3w46  
Rumford, June 25, 1839.

## COLLECTOR'S NOTICE—LOVELL.

NOTICE is hereby given to the owners and non-resident proprietors of the following described lands, situated in the Town of Lovell, County of Oxford, and State of Maine that they on or before the 1st day of August next, pay to me for collection for the year 1838—in the following sums, viz:—

Owner's Name.	No. of Lots.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Tax for 1838.
Unknown	20	100	25	18
"	4	2	15.8	6
"	4	100	150	1.05
"	55	105	74	74
"	43	22	132	42

## Deficiency of highway for 1837.

Owner's Name.	No. of Lots.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Tax for 1837.
Unknown	47	53	1.3	25
Thomas Day	4	33	2.3	47
Unknown	26	5	50	30
"	20	4	120	25
"	22	4	15	20
"	4	2	13.8	6
"	17	1	25	30

And unless said Taxes with all necessary intervening charges shall be paid to me on or before Saturday the 30th day of November Next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, so much of said land as will be necessary to pay the same will be sold at public Vendue at the Inn of Joseph Bassett in said Lovell.

STEPHEN ANDREWS, Collector.  
Lovell July 13th, 1839. 3w48

## County of Oxford.

### TREASURER'S OFFICE.

PARIS JULY 2, 1839.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Proprietors of, and all persons interested in the following townships of unimproved land situated in said County (a part of which are now situated in the County of Franklin) not taxable by the Assessors of any town or Plantation, that the following sums have been assessed thereon by the County Commissioners for said County of Oxford in the apportionment of the County taxes for the years 1838, 1839, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838, and 1839, and remain unpaid—viz:—

Andover Surplus West	Tax for 1838—2,481
do	1837 3,75
do	1838 3,75
do	1839 3,41
Township No. 2 Letter A.	1839 9,13
do	1838 3,92
do	1839 3,35
do	1839 3,04
do	1838 3,35
do	1838 3,38
do	1838 3,69
do	1838 3,93
do	1839 3,36
do	1838 2,80
do	1839 2,55
do	1838 9,34
do	1838 6,53
Surplus of Township Letter C.	1834 1,30
do	1835 1,30
do	1836 1,78
do	1837 1,05
do	1838 1,35
do	1839 1,77
Township No. 5 1st Range	1838 6,50
do	1839 6,18
do	1836 2,24
do	1837 3,06
do	1838 2,95
do	1839 2,90
do	1836 2,93
do	1837 3,37
do	1838 3,37
do	1839 2,97

Part of Township No. 6	Tax for 1837
South half of " 1 4th Range	1833 1,90
do	1834 2,46
do	1835 2,46
do	1836 3,38
do	1837 3,69
do	1838 2,36
do	1839 3,34
do	1837 3,54
do	1838 3,32
do	1839 3,44
do	1836 1,69
do	1837 1,84
do	1838 2,37
do	1839 2,30
do	1837 4,30

And unless said taxes are paid to the subscriber or to his successor in said office within six months from the twenty third day of July next, warrants will be issued to the Sheriff of said County of Oxford, requiring him to collect the same according to law.

ALANSON MELLEEN,  
Treasurer of the County of Oxford.

## COLLECTOR'S NOTICE—STOW.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident owners of improved and unimproved lands, situated in the town of Stow, (being composed of what was formerly Fryeburg Addition Bradley and Eastman's Grant, and a part of Fryeburg Academy Grant) County of Oxford and State of Maine who have not paid their town and county taxes for 1838, that the same are taxed in the bills committed to me to collect, for 1838; and are as follows:

Owner's name, if known.	No. of Lots.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Tax for 1838.
John Bradley, one half of the Deer Hill on Shell Pond tract	500	500	550	550
do do in the brick Ridge lot, (so called) adjoining Josiah B. Day's farm and land, formerly owned by Wm. Cox, 10 acres being pasture.	107	410	451	451
John Bradley or unknown, land in Bradley & Eastman Grant, called the Trussell lot, adjoining the Province line, and land owned by Cyrus Fiske.	200	200	200	200
John Knight or unknown, lot No. 23 3d division	70	104	144	144
do do land in the mile and half square adjoining John Bricketts farm.	80	50	55	55
James Osgood or unknown, lot No. 18, in the mile and half square	100	60	66	66
James Elliot half lot No. 14, 4th division	50	55	55	55
J. & J. Walker or unknown, lot No. 30 in 4th division	100	100	110	110

Unless said taxes, with all necessary intervening charges, are paid to me, on or before Saturday the 9th day of November next, I shall proceed to sell at public auction, to the lowest bidder, so much of said land as shall be necessary to pay said taxes and cost, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the school house in District No. 2, in said Stow.

URIAH DRESSER, Collector of  
Stow, June 27th, 1839. Stow for 1838.

## NOTICE.

A certain piece of Land situated in Andover in the County of Oxford, on which Moses Cutting now lives, the same which was Deeded to said Cutting by Ephraim Briggs and which was conveyed to Edmund Pearson of Bloomfield and Stephen F. Harvey at Well both of this State by Moses Cutting by Deed of Mortgage recorded in the registry of said County, Book 51 page 579 to which Deed reference may be had.

PEARSON & HARVEY.  
June 27th, 1839. 3w47

## NEW ARRIVEMENT GOODS.

JUST received from Boston a Fashionable Assortment of MILLINERY GOODS, which Ladies are invited to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

H. W. GOODNOW.  
Norway Village, May 13, 1839. cowlw39

## NOTICE.

Take up in the inclosure of Hiram Halls two yearlings heifers one a red heifer the other a brindle with a star in her forehead the owner is requested to pay charges and take the same away.

EPHRAIM FORD, Pound Keeper  
Buckfield, June 28th, 1839. 3w47



